

Chennai Express

Translation Project by u/Ok-Mousse3472 (Reddit)

[This is a non-profit novel translation project solely to practice my writings, currently I'm the only person working on this project]

001

Myself Rahul.

I'm 40 years old by now. Normally at this age there should be one or two, small or big twists that happen in one's life.

I also experienced a twist in my life. Yes, I mean a huge twist. Which had in-fact changed my entire life.

We have gone through a lot right? In this five to ten seconds span of my internal monologue, I started getting flashbacks of that day... The day I was truly called a hero.

My mouth tasted like blood. I stood there like a wall, holding a rusted shovel on my left hand with intense anger showing up on my face, at the same time goons were running towards me to finish me off– I clenched my fist harder.

I shouted in anger, and gave my first blow with the shovel, while blood started dripping from my face.

002

Actually, Let's start from the beginning.

Since I was a kid, I have been staying with my grand-parents, who raised me with utmost care. My parents died in a car accident when I was just eight.

At the time of my adolescence, it was quite obvious that people found me too cute– As people would pull my cheeks and say "So sweet!" in an overly mangled voice.

And this 'sweetness' was the business for my grandfather; I mean he had a sweet shop with his initials – as 'Y. Y. Mithaiwala'. However, the branches of our sweet shop was more than the existence of greenery in Mumbai.

I remembered something funny– Once two cute ladies came to our shop to buy samosas and half kilograms of Jalebis while mentioning me as 'Brother'. Which I didn't like at all.

"Brother!!??",.... "Why??"

"Why, Mithaiwala?!"

I almost cried while shouting this to phrases to my mind. Needless to say, even my grandfather also interfered everytime in my love-life... Sometimes he would call at the crucial moment, sometimes he himself would appear with surprises. Never got the chance to be in relationship, so clearly marriage was out of the question.

My grandfather was a great fan of Sachin Tendulkar– He would shout everytime Sachin hits a Six and boast about how well the cricketer plays.

Nothing had really changed after that, all relatives settled abroad, only grandfather, grand mother and I were left. He was still healthy, no signs of dying at all.

003

And then the year of 2013 came along, My grandfather's hundredth birthday ofcourse.